FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XX, Number 3, June 1969

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Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

In your last issue the question of praying with the sick was raised. It is difficult to do so if the proper kind of literature is not available. Prayer is not personal. It is not a matter of asking for relief from pain. Wiser would it be if we prayed that we might be worthy of our sufferings.

The prayer with healing in its wings should be universal. It should reveal larger dimensions of human experience, deeper meanings of human potentiality. Not many poems of this kind exist. Walt Whitman's *Prayer of Columbus* has this broader outlook.

I have written something of my own that I trust may be appropriate. It is, of course, a beginning, and writers for your magazine would do well to pursue the matter further. Perhaps we could develop a literature that would generate healing power, that would raise the sick to the point of spiritual apprehension where sickness disappears.

— *Francis Merchant*

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Dr. Merchant's letter is being printed in addition to his contribution to this issue, "Response to the World of Light," because it is such a fitting preface to the art, which speaks for itself—far better than an editorial commentary. — Ed.

EDITORIAL

It has always seemed to me that *new* editors are a rather presumptuous lot. They assume positions, they make grand announcements, they divide and multiply words. They judge and edit, and edit and judge. And it is particularly presumptuous of an editor attempting to replace Paul Griffith to say anything at all! An extraordinary writer and a sensitive spirit, he possessed (and still does) those talents which made him ideally suited to be the moderator for all of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER's prayerful concerns. He had the ear of the readers, and their hearts, and, in turn, their committed minds to the principle of "fellowship of mankind." He did not really leave the editorship: He shares it with all of us.

Having said that, I would like to say hello and introduce myself. You want to know me, I want to know you; and I can do that best, for my part, by citing two experiences that relate directly to the purpose and craft of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. As a former weekly editor, I attended my first convention of the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors during the summer of 1966. At that time I wrote:

"The week stretching from July 16th (my birthday) to July 23rd was one of the most wonderful social weeks I've had in years. It was certainly one of the most stimulating intellectually and emotionally, equivalent, say, to finishing a string quartet or climbing Mt. Everest or, for all I know, building a business empire. It was definitely one of the wildest after-hours—with all the bull sessions, the freewheeling debates, the implausible stories, the analyses of all the world's ills (complete with put-downs and put-ons), the new jokes and wisecracks (or old ones transformed), the new friendships, and in between the gripes about our business, the realization—whether in a subtle gesture or some extravagant per-

oration—that a camaraderie was being forged in which every participant was bearing witness to the highest principles of untrammeled and infrangible expression. It was one of those few weeks in my life that could be said to be, to use a much mangled word, *creative*. It spoke to me as experience the same way a philosophy teacher put it to me once: "I love watching things grow." Surely, one of life's most liberating pleasures is to watch yourself grow, and doubly so to watch others grow with you—in a communality of spirit. Unforgettable.

"The occasion (I almost forgot!) was the annual convention of the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors meeting at Pere Marquette State Park in Grafton, Illinois. The Conference is world-wide in scope, and the fifty editors attending this convention represented three foreign countries (Canada, Sierra Leone, and England) and all sections of the U. S. Reflecting the international character in lectures, meetings, workshops, and informal sessions all kinds of opinions about everything (politics, penology, religion, international affairs, sex, birth control, juvenile delinquency, monopolies, sex, alcoholism, the tribulations of being a newspaper editor, beautification, economics, community government, sex, air and water pollution, rural sociology, editor-reader relationships, sex, etc.) were noticeably evident and often noticeably aggressive.

'What's so special about this?' you ask. 'Everybody discusses them.'

" Yes, quite true, but with one difference: Newspaper editors, if they are not equipped by instinct, train the temperament to be as passionately critical as they are open to other points of view—and devotedly try to see them in print for all to see. There are exceptions, of course, but as a rule—and as a group—they respond literally to *that* famous line from Voltaire which reads, to put it into hip

terms: *Just because I don't like you doesn't mean we can't be friends!* That's what I see as the essence of *freedom of the press!*"

During this same convention, I met an editor who had purchased a weekly in a small Southern town some five years before. For the first eight months, the most controversial headline he wrote was, as a national magazine was later to put it, LOCAL SCHOOL BOARD MEETS ON FRIDAY. Yet, within the next two years, he was to be reviled, threatened, boycotted, ostracized, assaulted, eventually indicted on trumped-up charges and sentenced to prison.

What did he do? He tried to explain to his fellow citizens what a corrupt political machine was doing to them and their county, strangling them both spiritually and economically. (After a two-year fight, he was pardoned by the Governor, the charges against him were dismissed, and he continued his lonely one-man fight which led, in time, to the conviction of the machine leaders.)

Somebody asked him, "Why didn't you do this from the beginning? What did you wait eight months for?" He answered simply: "I wanted to be a part of the community first."

That is a most important word, *community;* and it has special relevance to the purpose and work of this Fellowship. I have cited my own experiences here, as every reader could as well, to illustrate some of the basic qualities I believe make a community (strangely enough, they all start with c's): courage, concern, conviction, creative, charity, citizenship, and Christian (in the most enlightened sense of the word).

I want to be a part of it.

— J. W.

RESPONSE TO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

Solemn the moment
When the meditating Buddha
Broke the lock on the gate of time
And looked on eternity bare—
And in commemoration of this achievement
We stand appraisingly in another age
And another cycle,
Pondering the wings and chains of man,
Conducting a Grand Audit
Of assets and liabilities.
How many ages has this fragile creature
Been voyaging on the ocean of time?
How many cycles have come and gone?
And after all this—
After the age-long repetition of experiences,
After innumerable births and deaths,
After the multiplied pangs of pain,
After the shattering holocausts of war,
Where does he stand?
What has he learned?
How fares it with his soul?
What riches has he gathered
To adorn the spirit?
Painfully this creature
Compounded of dust and transience and soul
Rose from the primal state,
The condition of the beast,
To human status.
Behold him now,
The end-product of a thousand ages,
The inheritor of the treasure of the world.

Has he advanced toward the god-like
Or reverted to the beast?
Has he evolved the capacities of his spirit,
Or dimmed the flame that is his soul?
Lords of Light,
Guardians of the Paths,
Heroes of the Spirit
We grieve over the estate of man,
Beholding him in this Iron Age
Multiplying darkness,
Spending his spiritual substance
Chasing a handful of shadows,
Spitting at the stars,
Dicing with Satan,
Choking on the dust of violence,
Hurling stones at the Lamp of the Law,
Encumbering the earth with his dirt.
Again and yet again
The treasures of the spirit
He deliberately rejects;
The teachers sent to help him
He drives away with stones and profanity.
Pursuing wandering fires,
He loses himself in swamps and sloughs.
His treasures are rusty shards,
His suns, fireflies,
His visions, an opiate's fantasies.
His immortal soul
Moulders in the rubbish heap
Of subconscious recesses.
A contemplation of the human race
Almost makes one ashamed of being human.
Yet, for these benighted wanderers in the dark,
These victims securely bound in their illusions,

Though we cannot ask justice,
We cry your mercy
And your compassion.
Leave us not forsaken
In this Iron Age
To wander in the many-curtained Night
Of our own making.
Strident the sound that fills the age,
The clatter of machines,
The thunder of cannons in war,
The reverberations of echoing chatter,
The grating dissonance of shrieking song,
The trumpetings of anarchistic dissent,
The chorus of mockery and denunciation—
All these intermingling sounds
Merge into a general cacophony,
And the golden fires,
Softly undulating,
Sonata of the spirit,
Remain unheard and unheeded.
How shall the bargain hunters
At the bazaar,
Engrossed by the trinkets on display,
Haggling over prices,
Hear the flute of Krishna,
The subtly sounding trumpet of the Buddha,
The crystalline lute of the Christ
Amidst the general din
Of animated barter?
How can the prisoners of time
Be attuned to the delicate chant of Eternity?
How can those engrossed by shadows,
The stirred-up sediment of light,
Turn towards the inextinguishable Flame?

How shall they
Who hoard the pebbles and the dust of Earth
Appraise at their true worth
The jewels of worlds invisible?
How apprehend the gifts bestowed,
The law proclaimed,
The candles set alight?
What know they
Of Chalices
Brimming with potent poisons,
Engenderings precipitated by human thought,
That the Great Ones have voluntarily swallowed
Age after age
To win time for evolving souls
And hold back the heavy curtains of descending Night?
Absorbed in chasing the falling leaves of autumn,
They remember not the sinking of Atlantis,
The Great Flood that overwhelmed the contemporaries of Noah,
The obliterating power of the moving glaciers,
Or the minor catastrophes
That have made the massive Earth reverberate.
Scoffers, deriders, scorners, mockers
Are with us today
As in other ages
Ready to cut the seamless garment of Truth
Into thousands of shreds.
These prisoners of the finite,
Builders of molehills,
Have continued the long tradition of rejection--
Rejection of large-dimensioned souls
Like the Christ and the Buddha,
Of the burnished truths that shine in the dark,
And the golden spectacles of double vision.
The precious keys that might unlock

The gates to their prison house
They have blithely cast away,
While they berate the universe for neglecting them.
What lamps can we light
In this time of fog and mist?
What bells can we ring
To rouse the apathetic and the slumbrous?
The shadow-haunted Night
Unveils the treasure of the stars,
And in every coagulation of darkness,
Could we but see,
Lies a source of inextinguishable Light.
Help us discover it.
In this Iron Age,
When heavy clouds obscure the sun,
And the Lamps of other ages
Glow but dimly,
We stand upon the ramparts of this shaken world
And raise our hands heavenward
In supplication
To the Guardians and Protectors
Who watch on all paths
Leading from this outer plane
Of dense concretion
To the inner world
Of ever-living and fulgurating Light.
And we pray
That the broken thread
Between center and periphery
Be mended,
That the lighted Will of the Heights
Shape all things in the Depths,
That the glory of the One
Be infinitely and redemptively reflected

In the many,
That the broken body of mankind
Be healed,
That darkness and chaos
Subserve the eternal purposes of Light,
That this errant Earth,
Journeying for ages in time and space,
Return to its planned orbit
In the cosmic scheme of things.
Deliver us from bondage to the visible,
From the darkness that masquerades as Light,
From miniature perspectives that blur the grandeur of the Whole,
From clutching at dead and withered branches
That inevitably must break,
From hoarding dead leaves and handfuls of rust.
Wandering in the far country,
We have glimpses of home,
Remembrances of other realms,
Of treasures which the bite of time
Cannot destroy,
Assurances that we are allied
To radiating stars,
To invisible countries of thought,
To vast domains of essences,
To the larger dimensions of eternity.
Betwixt the depths and the heights,
Betwixt the world of matter and the world of fire,
Let a bridge be constructed,
A unifying Way,
To end man's isolation,
His immurement in finitude,
His imprisonment in form.
Self-woven the fabric of man's cocoon.
He has thought himself into littleness,

Into petty insignificance,
Reduced himself to a worm crawling on the earth,
A meaningless speck of transient inconsequence
In a universe scáled to infinities.
Measuring all things
By the testimony of sense,
He has come to regard himself
As a drop of futility
In an ocean of matter,
A purposeless excrescence, flotsam and jetsam,
Adrift on the seas of time.
Self-deluded, he has reduced himself
To a cowering, shivering creature,
Fearful of the grandeur
Of the ever-shining stars,
A palsied clot of dust
Blown aimlessly
By the capricious wind
Down the hallways of the ages.
Projecting their littleness and feebleness
On the illimitable universe,
They proclaim God dead
When they themselves
Are walking sepulchers,
And smoldering ashes,
And death-heads in the House of Life.
But having imagined themselves into littleness,
Can they accept their heritage of greatness?
Can they learn to measure the universe
With the heart
Rather than with a meter stick?
Can they discern
That the invisible world of thought
Is more wondrous

Than the dimensioned vastness
Of visible things?
Can they comprehend
That to be human
Is to have the sacred opportunity
To become god-like,
To multiply light,
As do suns and stars,
To understand the larger pilgrimage
Of which this present adventuring,
Putting on a garment of flesh and bones,
Is but an incident,
A minor cycle of eternity?
Other purposes and other adventurings,
All equally sacred,
Hath the soul.
The earthly episode
Is but a fragment of a larger whole,
A way station on a greater journey.
Divested of this fleshly house,
The soul moves on to other dimensions,
At home in other worlds than this,
Glorying in other undertakings
That transcend the limited domain
Of time, and space, and form.
The Higher World
To which man's spirit is allied,
Unconceived by human eyes,
Is more truly homeland
Than this temporal port,
This tarrying in the depths
While the heart yearns for the heights.
An inalienable spark of eternity,
Man dips into time

And tastes the experience of limitation
To return
Enriched from the struggle
To the source from which he came,
And Death is but a conductor
Of the soul
From the clashing drama of form
To the wider life of invisible dimensions.
This understood,
The human experience takes on new meaning.
No longer is man an irrelevancy in the cosmos,
A footnote to Nature's indifferent caprice;
Rather is he a dweller
In worlds past and present
With but a temporary excursion
Into this domain of being.
From the unknown past he comes,
To an incomprehensible future he goes,
Shielded by ignorance,
Compelled to discover for himself
His spirit-identity.
In the vale of concretion.
What matter, then,
The storms and tribulations,
The sting of misfortune,
The bite of pain?
Man is greater far
Than the sum of his misfortunes,
The accumulation of his miseries.
The heavy weight of matter
Cannot extinguish the fires of the spirit,
Or smother the striving soul;
And sufferings,
If they remove the spectacles

With opaque lenses
That shut out the greater world,
Can purify and bless.
In the house of misfortune
A man may study
The tablets of eternity
And gather the spirit's wealth.
But in our journeying,
We come upon the shifty-eyed servants of chaos,
Cunning and unprincipled,
Who crawl out of a black hole
And sell the heady wine of destruction,
Who point to the Highest,
But approve the lowest.
Powers of Light,
Help us drive
This spawn of darkness
Behind the door where evil dwells.
Dwellers on the Heights,
Let the tongues of Fire
Descend upon the Earth,
Awakening the spirit of man,
Touching the hearts of womankind,

With new understanding of her sacred mission,
So that the present moment
Might be linked
With the glory of consummation.
O You, who guard the bright paths,
Leading to infinity,
We pray You,
Bless our strivings.
In this chiaroscuro world,
Where so many have forgotten the Highest,
Unaware of origin and destiny,
We strive,
We serve,
We pray.
Have mercy on us.
Forsake us not.
Show us the Way.
Guide us lightward
Towards the New Jerusalem,
The White Island,
The City of Light.

—Francis Merchant

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A PRAGMATIST'S PRAYER

Prayer has been called "either the greatest faculty that man has, or the greatest delusion by which he has been misled." I believe that though most men don't yet know it, prayer is the faculty most needing development at this moment in organic evolution, the age of the psyche, of what Teilhard de Chardin called "the noosphere." Herbert Spencer defined life as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Man must relate not only to nature, to other men, both as individuals and as collectivities, but also to the Great Mystery which Matthew Arnold called — "the enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." I would call it — "the Enduring Power, greater than ourselves but working in and through and among ourselves and all that is, that makes for righteousness and ever-increasing harmonies of life relationships.

Prayer is the mental method of opening ourselves to the influence of that Enduring Power by imagination, intuition, knowledge, the focussing of our attention and interest. It is psychic Encounter, the Ultimate Encounter. It is a way of entering into the Beyond through that of the Beyond that is within. Prayer occurs at every moment when Existence reaches out for and in some small way experiences what we may call its Essence, that from which it de-

rives, that whose character it is driven to fulfill, in effect its best and truest self. Prayer is a feeling for the Whole, an acknowledgment from experience that no one of us is an island, but that under the ocean of appearances there are the connecting links which bind us to one another and to the whole, as the land mass unites the whole earth.

Prayer is the mental discipline which enables us to see our small concerns in the light of the Whole. It opens to our human experience the fullness of God's glory, which is always there, but which we often do not see. Authentic prayer changes and corrects as well as inspiring us and moving us to dare the deads of righteousness and sacrifice. We can reverse Coleridge's famous lines: *"He prayeth best who loveth best"* to *"He loveth best who prayest best."*

— *Donald Szantho Harrington*

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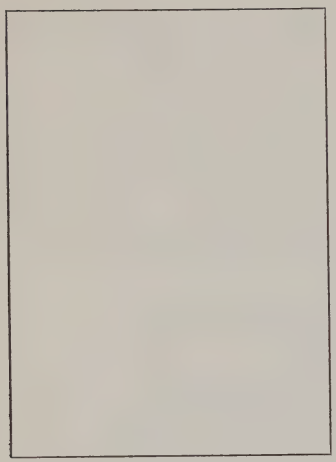
FIRST RIGHTS OFFERED

by Betty M. Daly

prayers of a thousand
hues go up — results of a
thousand hues return

bowed postures, closed eyes
folded hands, quiet closets are
like a thousand ears



BEFORE

SOLITUDE

What a battle
to stop the soul's flapping
like a bird in the hand.

Be still,
myself.

Be still as the axis
of a revolving wheel
as the mother tern is
hiding in the sand.

— *Patricia Coffin*

dreams, desires, wishes
are notes sent high and need no
preface of Dear God

— Betty M. Daly

YOU REAR TOO LARGE

Oh marvel how the heart can hold
each rack and rueful thing
Yet swell forever strength to fold
there light and joy, and sing!

While April dogwood springs to bloom
the winter's on the way;
but heart, you rear too large a room
to token dark by day.

— *Howard G. Hanson*

WHAT IS FAITH?

Mildred Long

We all need faith. We all live by faith. Faith is natural in many areas of life and is employed unconsciously, without effort. Most of us have faith in life, in our parents, in our bankers and public servants, in our friends and acquaintances. Why then do we have to struggle to have faith in God?

We hear some people talk about the faith that "reaches up" and "holds on." They repeat the promises and desperately try to make them real in experience. They want to trust God. They try to trust God. They affirm His presence and power even without the realization. They pray for strength, patience, endurance.

This is consciously directed faith and it is indeed better than lack of faith. But it makes life a struggle. This faith is activated by the concepts of the conscious mind. It is not the faith that has taken possession of the subconscious mind, the deep inner mind that really controls man's thinking and his response to life.

•

Jesus was "asleep on a pillow" in the boat with His disciples on the Sea of Galilee when the storm struck. The disciples, terrified, cried out to Him, "Master, save us!" But Jesus was not disturbed. He would have slept on. He knew all was well. There was nothing in His inner consciousness that responded with fear to an external condition. And He said to His disciples, "Why are ye so fearful? Where is your faith?" Then He turned and spoke to the storm: "Peace, be still." And the winds ceased and the waves subsided.

Inner peace produces outer peace. Fear is lack of inner peace, inner serenity. It produces outward unrest and disturbance. Some inner fears are so strong people are made ill, have heart failure, nervous breakdowns, accidents—a multitude of troubles. Some people with inner fears work hard at life, live desperately, get great things done, forge ahead to accomplish, appear to have great faith. Yet some time this fear will catch up with them and will be manifested outwardly.

Sad it is when these fears are not recognized and given over to God, when they are repressed and ignored, or treated as the normal adjuncts to the struggle of life. Sad are the results in the last days of such souls, when the pressures of life have accumulated and added to these deep-seated fears causing them to suffer the agonies of hell in mind or body.

But real faith is something other than struggle, though struggle sometimes needs to precede real faith. Real faith is a relaxed inner harmony. No effort to it. It is the natural inner climate of the trusting soul. It is the kind of release you find in an infant who nestles safe in his mother's arms. It is the kind of acceptance of life you find in the trusting child who laughs and cries at events but picks himself up and goes merrily on, forgetting. It is the trust of the lamb in the shepherd's arms. It is the absence of fear, not the battle against it. It is the consciousness that all is well, the realization of God's in'dwelling presence without our effort or struggle, without the feeling of desolation, without the physical reactions (in brain and body) produced by unconscious fear.

Can we attain this kind of faith, the faith Jesus had throughout His earthly life? We can, and some people do. But

mark you: the people who live by faith are not the ones who talk most about it. A teacher of mine used to say, "You don't run after the street car when you are on it."

When trust in God becomes the normal way of life; when we lay ourselves and all our problems down in the everlasting arms; when we accept life, allowing its billows to envelop us or its earthquakes to uproot us; when we pick ourselves up again and go on undaunted, undefeated, unafraid, feeling secure no matter what—then we have faith. And it is that silent, unobtrusive, inner peace that needs not to be talked about, because it is the normal way of life. Oh, to attain such faith!

This prayer of Starr Daily's has helped me. Perhaps it will help you:

"O Lord, I submit myself to Thy love and mercy. With the sweet trust of a child in the protecting arms of its mother, I release myself to the Everlasting Arms. Thy will is sufficient to guide me; Thy strength to support me; Thy love to sustain and heal me. In Thy bosom I rest, grateful, peaceful, unafraid."

Surely as to those who believe and do good deeds,
for them are gardens beneath which flow rivers.
This is the great triumph.

— THE KORAN

SUPPLICATION

Mary L. Wantner

Dear Lord, may I be ever mindful
Denied the gifts of Thy beneficence,
I should be impoverished, lacking shelter, food,
Adrift upon life's road, enslaved by fear.
May I be grateful for Thy Word, the Truth
That taught The Way; the Gift, Eternal Life;
Give thanks for sight to witness, savor
The splendors of Thy touch; all beauty,
The daffodils in spring, the deft design
The snowflakes etch upon a windowpane;
To hear the trill of birds, the ocean's roar,
The mystic magic that is music;
For love of friends, the right to speak, to work.
Renew awareness I am blest; remind
Each gift, each talent is a trust to share
And grant that I may use them well to serve
The lonely, aid the passer-by in need;
Give courage to those lost in doubt, despair,
Restore faith's fading embers to new flame;
Forgive as I have been forgiven,
Without rebuke as frailty recurs
And by small measure, aid Thy cause for Peace.

TO A STUDENT

by Mary Lamoreaux Burnell

There is no limit to the power of truth, nor is there any wish ever to withhold its operation. God does not give an insufficient supply of His power and good-will to man, but God supplies man with surplus energy more than is required, and takes man into His governorship, that man may be a partner with God.

Let your mind be opened to receive a consciousness of this relationship, which will make it plain to you that there is nothing wanting in your life, that all things are supplied for your perfect satisfaction. This is a truth which you can receive, not by strenuous attempts to comprehend or realize, but by letting your mind soften into the embrace of love, which always holds you in its protection and guidance.

While shadows thunder at the gate, the soldiering Divine Proficient within, knows no attack, feels no trepidation; but glories in beauty, in youth, in happiness, for He is the Spirit which played with man before the world was; He is your life, your very Self.

Very soon you will forget what has seemed to be your trailing shadow, and you will be lighted up with the radiance of truth, and the consciousness that you are perfectly healed.

I recommend that you note and practice the words of Saint Teresa:

> All God asks of us is to put no obstacles
> in the way of His action.

Be a child. You can have everything you want. Problems have no front side, they are always showing their back. Let your innermost heart sing. Enjoy God's loving you.

Whether the waves of human experience rise or fall, the solid element underlies and is eternally unmoved.

There is comfort in this, when you know that that which is permanent is the real and the only support of your affairs, and whatever is temporal or changeable is but a moment's presentation, to be substituted by the eternal constancy of truth.

Nonresistance is a great secret, and delivers you to obedience; through which avenue the Spirit can work more wonderfully to express its divine will through your own activities and preserve them as its own prerogative.

In partnership with God you can do all things. You are particularly directed and guided and lovingly led into fortunate and profitable results. The Spirit of Truth will deliver to you its infinite gifts.

The Presence of God is Its own Act. Therefore the power of God is not a doing, but a being.

Out of an abysmal and unconditional Good, comes specific satisfaction, like luscious fruit on a deep rooted tree.

The values found in truth are not stored away in passive inertia, but are most active constantly, to deliver you from the many obstructions and handicaps that seem to be thrust in your path.

Through lifting the mind, heart and soul to divine Love you recognize its power to have charge of every detail of your life; not alone does it have the power, but it is the particular and definite and personal love that belongs to the Lover.

You will be given strength, even where more is required of you than you think you can do. "As thy day, so shall thy strength

be." And more than that, infinite strength, inexhaustible strength is yours, stored within you, waiting to come out into mysterious but practical application to all your needs.

Believe. Let your heart be full of belief, acceptance of what you know to be true. A wonderful relationship exists between you and God.

God does not see you as weak or lacking in anything. We must learn to see ourselves as God sees us. This vision you may obtain. The method of obtaining this vision is by trusting.

Leo the Great says, "We are confirmed as possessors of Paradise."

You will find new life in your veins, new hope in your heart, new faith in your intellect, and new happiness in the way the truth will reveal to you its wonderful, miraculous leading.

A very holy, devout man made this remark: God is not a lazy and unprofitable companion.

How could this omnipotent Lover be in any way unprofitable?

He gives you light on every subject. He gives you openings as you go, and closes no doors to your happiness and success. He prospers you. He loves you.

You may have all that you will accept. Setting a barrel and not a small pan for the catching of rain water, is a symbolic action of the way in which you receive from God. Be big enough to take it all—all riches, all honor, all success, all health. And in this way you please God—God Who is near enough to you to be your Lover.

The strength of great minds is to believe what is not seen. Faith carries you across every barrier.

Clement of Alexandria said, "If any one is healed by matter through trusting to it, much more will he be healed by having recourse to the power of God."

Let your spirit soar to the heights with love and confidence and knowledge.

It seems like a journey from words to meanings; but the way is short to the lover who travels with his heart.

The bonded fellowship among the students of truth rests in the

covenant with the divine Lover, Who opens the depth of the treasures of meanings and makes all speak with one tongue.

Have no hesitation about confessing truth; it shall be confessed to God on the housetop. Have no self-pity, but have love, which is the love of God. See God in yourself as conqueror, as counsellor, with the government upon *His* shoulders.

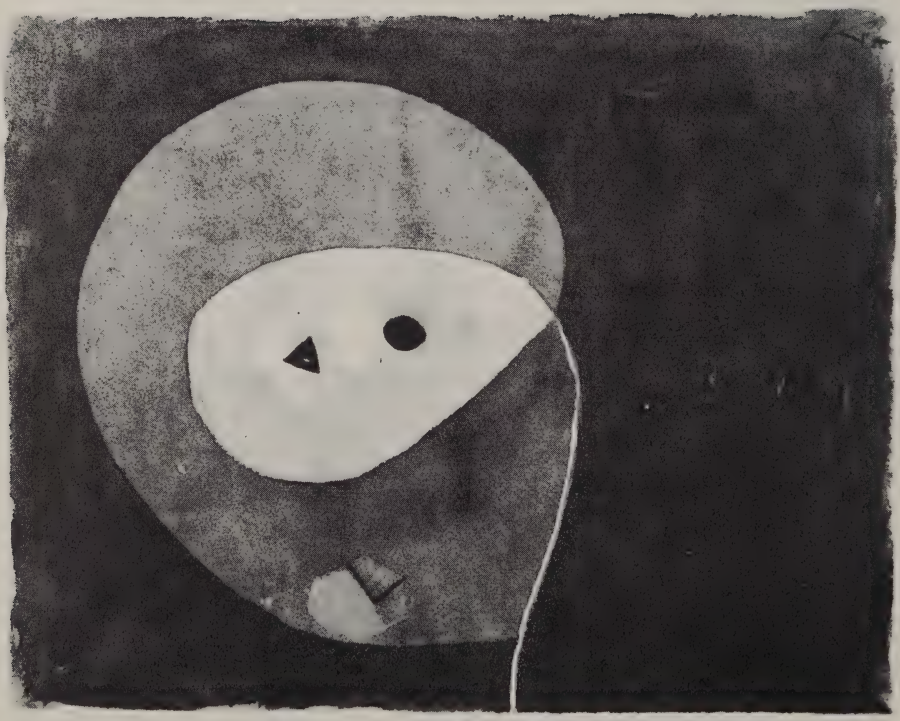
Let your true expression be at God's direction, suggestion, and command.

Acknowledgment brings happiness, for it puts you in touch with the good which God has lavishly bestowed upon you. Abandon yourself to His munificence.

Knowledge and devotion go hand in hand; each increases the other's strength.

Love is sacrifice. But its unlimited capacity in this direction fills one not with depletion, but with plenitude, satisfaction. To give is to receive.

A PRAYERFUL



Painting by Paul Klee

CHILD

Dear God, today, I know so sure
I shall feel gay, like smiling weather,
Holding my thought of YOU walking with me
Through this fine day, God-blessed together.

I shall hear sweetly Your wee birds sing,
See baby animals at the great zoo,
Watch silver moon—and the sun golden
In Your sky friendly, glad shining too.

Today we can share and just happy-talk,
How great, talking with YOU, what a grand start
Enjoying this love as good Family-time,
'Cause Joy means goodness: God in my heart.

"Our Friend," that we honest-true do know;
Here let us thank YOU with our heads bowed,
My fine mother, father and my brother
Listening as the World sings of YOU proud.

My heart prays, "Thanks for happiness YOU send.
OH! Thank You forever: God, my dear Friend!"

— *Alice Richmond*

RESPONSE IN SPITE OF RESISTANCE

Carla Patsuris

If tree's trees
From acorns grow
In green continuation

If word's words
Live on
In exultation

No interplay of love
Mite as mustard seed
Shall have pulsed in vain
Under infinite sun

For white man
Or black one.

REMEMBRANCE

Howard G. Hanson

And so the flame for now has fled
and darkness fills the space
between desire and deed, when dead
thoughts gall the vanished grace.

But agony by night can raise
remembrance of the lost
heart-leap and exultation's blaze—
and never count the cost.

GOD KNOWS

Esther Belle Heins

It was my grandmother's machine,
Though old and tired, it sews;
I dust it gently, wondering
About her day; God knows.

I picture mother in her home;
A child with joys and woes,
Then try to place the old machine—
Where did it stand? God knows.

Was mother called in from her play
For fitting of her clothes?
She s as their only little girl,
What was she like? God knows.

I cannot ask her questions now,
A year ago today—
She went to be with Him whose hand
So long had led her way.

The thread of life is in God's care
And through time's shuttle flows,
Through Christ He makes the seam that binds;
All views are His—He knows!

NOTICES and COMMENTS

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. We are sorry to announce that Paul Griffith has left us as Editor of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, though we are happy he is still a member of our Board of Trustees and a vice president of the organization. He states: "A new position in another town makes it impossible for me to continue as editor for the Fellowship, and so I am obliged to say goodbye. I feel very regretful about this necessity. I feel I am saying farewell to friends who, although they have existed solely in terms of correspondence and contributions, have become close and dear. I thank them all with genuine fondness. At the same time, I am confident that without exception they will go on as before—writing, reading, helping however they can—in their faith in the value and beauty of prayer."

NEW EDITOR. Please welcome Mr. John Watts, of New York City, the new Editor of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. Mr. Watts received his B. A. and M. M. degrees from the Universities of Tennessee and Colorado, with doctoral work at the University of Illinois and Cornell University. He has had broad experience in the editorial field and for two years was editor of a well-known newspaper in Manhattan. He comes to the Fellowship well-recommended and equipped to assume the editorial work. We hope you will give Mr. Watts your wholehearted support—and we are confident that FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER will continue forward and become evermore important in the spiritual lives of its readers.

A GREAT LOSS. We are sorry to report that Miss Katharine Aurandt, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who became an advisor in the Eastern Zone last year, died in her sleep in April. She spent a lifetime giving kindness and sympathy to others. She will be greatly missed by many.

LIBRARY GIFT. Dr. Margaret Moore Jacobs, of Clarendon, Arkansas, has presented a specially autographed copy of her latest book, *The Golden Years*, to the Fellowship, joining two other books of hers in our library, *Roses Every Day* and *My Master Has a Garden.* We welcome this gift copy from the author, and we are particularly grateful to Dr. Jacobs for her thoughtfulness in making such a handsomely bound edition available to the Fellowship.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00 a year. Special rates are available for additional copies. Certain back issues also are available.

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AS A LITTLE CHILD

Emily Sargent Councilman

Piling up
this crystal moment
utterly wept, or utterly
laughter spent...

and after
  prismed light
  or shattered glass:
expectancy.

"For a world united in prayer"

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